THE

METAMORPHOsis of Pigmalions *Image*.

AND

Certaine Satyres.

AT LONDON,
Printed for Edmond Matts, & are to be sold at the signe of the hand and Plough in Fleetstrecte.
1598.

Phot of HEH 16635

TO THE WORLDS MIGHTIE MONARCH, *GOOD OPINION:*

Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall Ruler of Iudgement, moſt famous Iuſtice of Cenſures, onely giuer of Honor, great procurer of Aduancement, the Worlds chiefe Ballance, the All of all, and All in all, by whom all things are ỹ that they are. I humbly offer thys my Poem.

(·.·)

THou ſoule of Pleaſure, Honors only ſubſtance,
Great Arbitrator, Vmpire of the Earth,
Whom fleſhly Epicures call Vertues eſſence,
Thou mooving Orator, whoſe powrefull breath
Swaies all mens iudgements. Great OPINION,
Vouchſafe to guild my imperfection.

TO GOOD OPINION.

If thou but daine to grace my bluſhing ſtile,
And crowne my Muſe with good opinion:
If thou vouchſafe with gracious eye to ſmile
Vpon my young new-borne Inuention,
Ile ſing an Hymne in honor of thy name,
And add ſome Trophie to enlarge thy fame.

But if thou wilt not with thy Deitie
Shade, and inmaske the errors of my pen,
Protect an Orphane Poets infancie,
I will diſcloſe, that all the world ſhall ken
How partiall thou art in Honors giuing:
Crowning the ſhade, the ſubſtance praiſe depriuing.

W. K.

THE ARGVMENT *of the Poem.*

Igmalion whoſe chaſt mind all the beauties in Cyprus could not enſnare, yet at the length hauing carued in Iuorie an excellent proportion of a beauteous woman, was ſo deeplie enamored on his owne workmanſhip, that he would oftentimes lay the Image in bedde with him, and fondlie vſe ſuch petitions and dalliance, as if it had been a breathing creature. But in the end, finding his fond dotage, and yet perſeuering

The Argument.

in his ardent affection, made his deuout prayers to *Venus*, that ſhee would vouchſafe to enſpire life into his Loue, and then ioyne them both together in marriage. VVherevpon *Venus* graciouſly condiſcending to his earneſt ſute, the Mayde, (by the power of her Deitie) was metamorphoſed into a liuing VVoman. And after, *Pigmalion* (beeing in Cyprus,) begat a ſonne of her, which was called *Paphus*, wherupon, that Iland Cyprus, in honor of *Venus*, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, *Paphos*.

To his Miſtres.

MY wanton Muſe laſciuiouſly doth ſing
Of ſportiue loue, of louely dallying.
O beauteous Angell, daine thou to infuſe
A ſprightly wit, into my dulled Muſe.
I inuocate none other Saint but thee,
To grace the firſt bloomes of my Poeſie.
Thy fauours like Promethean *ſacred fire,*
In dead, and dull conceit can life inſpire.
Or like that rare and rich Elixar ſtone,
Can turne to gold, leaden inuention:
Be gracious then, and daine to ſhow in mee,
The mighty power of thy Deitie.
And as thou read'ſt, (Faire) take compaſſion,
Force me not enuie my Pigmalion.
Then when thy kindnes grants me ſuch ſweet bliſſe,
I'le gladly write thy metamorphoſis.

1.

PIGMALION.

1.

Pigmalion, whose hie loue-hating minde
Disdain'd to yeeld seruile affection,
Or amorous sute to any woman-kinde,
Knowing their wants, and mens perfection.
Yet Loue at length forc'd him to know his fate,
And loue the shade, whose substance he did hate.

2.

For hauing wrought in purest Iuorie,
So faire an Image of a Womans feature,
That neuer yet proudest mortalitie
Could show so rare and beautious a creature.
(Vnlesse my Mistres all-excelling face,
Which giues to beautie, beauties onely grace.)

He

PIGMALION.

3.

Hee was amazed at the wondrous rareneſſe
Of his owne workmanſhips perfection.
He thought that Nature nere produc'd ſuch fairenes
In which all beauties haue their mantion.
And thus admiring, was enamored
On that fayre Image himſelfe portraied.

4.

And naked as it ſtood before his eyes,
Imperious Loue declares his Deitie.
O what alluring beauties he deſcries
In each part of his faire imagery!
Her nakednes, each beauteous ſhape containes.
All beautie in her nakednes remaines.

PIGMALION.

5.

He thought he ſaw the blood run through the vaine
And leape, and ſwell with all alluring meanes:
Then feares he is deceiu'd, and then againe,
He thinks he ſee'th the brightnes of the beames
Which ſhoote from out the fairenes of her eye:
At which he ſtands as in an extaſie.

6.

Her Amber-coloured, her ſhining haire,
Makes him proteſt, the Sunne hath ſpread her head
With golden beames, to make her farre more faire.
But whē her cheeks his amorous thoughts haue fed,
Then he exclaimes, ſuch redde and ſo pure white,
Did neuer bleſſe the eye of mortall ſight.

Then

PIGMALION.

7.

Then view's her lips, no lips did ſeeme ſo faire
In his conceit, through which he thinks doth flie
So ſweet a breath, that doth perfume the ayre.
Then next her dimpled chin he doth diſcry,
And views, and wonders, and yet view's her ſtill.
" Loues eyes in viewing neuer haue their fill.

8.

Her breaſts, like poliſht Iuory appeare,
Whoſe modeſt mount, doe bleſſe admiring eye,
And makes him wiſh for ſuch a Pillowbeare.
Thus fond *Pigmalion* ſtriueth to diſcry
Each beauteous part, not letting ouer-ſlip
One parcell of his curious workmanſhip.

PIGMALION.

9.

Vntill his eye discended so farre downe
That it d scried Loues pauillion:
Where *Cupid* doth enioy his onely crowne,
And *Venus* hath her chiefest mantion:
There would he winke, & winking looke againe,
Both eies & thoughts would gladly there remaine.

10.

Who euer saw the subtile Citty-dame
In sacred church, whē her pure thoughts shold pray,
Peire through her fingers, so to hide her shame,
When that her eye her mind would faine bewray.
So would he view, and winke, and view againe,
A chaster thought could not his eyes retaine.

Hee

PIGMALION.

11.

He wondred that ſhe bluſht not when his eye
Saluted thoſe ſame parts of ſecrecie:
Conceiting not it was imagerie
That kindly yeelded that large libertie.
O that my Miſtres were an Image too,
That I might blameles her perfections view.

12.

But when the faire proportion of her thigh
Began appeare. O *Quid* would he cry,
Did ere *Corinna* ſhow ſuch Iuorie
When ſhe appear'd in *Venus* liuorie?
And thus enamour'd, dotes on his owne Art
Which he did work, to work his pleaſing ſmart.

And

PIGMALION.

13.

And fondly doting, oft he kiſt her lip.
Oft would he dally with her Iuory breaſts.
No wanton loue-trick would he ouer-ſlip,
But ſtill obſeru'd all amorous beheaſts.
Whereby he thought he might procure the loue
Of his dull Image, which no plaints coulde moue.

14.

Looke how the peeuiſh Papiſts crouch, and kneele
To ſome dum Idoll with their offering,
As if a ſenceles carued ſtone could feele
The ardor of his bootles chattering,
So fond he was, and earneſt in his ſute
To his remorſles Image, dum and mute.

PIGMALION.

15.

He oft doth wiſh his ſoule might part in ſunder
So that one halfe in her had reſidence:
Oft he exclaimes, ô beauties onely wonder,
Sweet modell of delight, faire excellence,
Be gracious vnto him that formed thee,
Compaſſionate his true-loues ardencie.

16.

She with her ſilence, ſeemes to graunt his ſute.
Then he all iocund like a wanton louer,
With amorous embracements doth ſalute
Her ſlender waſt, preſuming to diſcouer
The vale of Loue, where *Cupid* doth delight
To ſport, and dally all the ſable night.

His

PIGMALION.

17.

His eyes, her eyes, kindly encountered,
His breaſt, her breaſt, oft ioyned cloſe vnto,
His armes embracements oft ſhe ſuffered,
Hands, armes, eyes, tongue, lips, and all parts did woe.
His thigh, with hers, his knee playd with her knee,
A happy conſort when all parts agree.

18.

But when he ſaw poore ſoule he was deceaued,
(Yet ſcarce he could beleeue his ſence had failed)
Yet when he found all hope from him bereaued,
And ſaw how fondly all his thoughts had erred,
Then did he like to poore *Ixion* ſeeme,
That clipt a cloud in ſteede of heauens Queene.

PIGMALION.

19.

I oft haue ſmil'd to ſee the foolery
Of ſome ſweet Youths, who ſeriouſly proteſt
That Loue reſpects not actuall Luxury,
But onely ioy's to dally, ſport, and ieſt:
Loue is a child, contented with a toy,
A busk-point, or ſome fauour ſtill's the boy.

20.

Marke my *Pigmalion*, whoſe affections ardor
May be a mirror to poſteritie.
Yet viewing, touching, kiſſing, (common fauour,)
Could neuer ſatiat his loues ardencie: (you,
And therefore Ladies, thinke that they nere loue
Who doe not vnto more then kiſſing moue you.

For

PIGMALION.

21.

For my *Pigmalion* kiſt, viewd, and imbraced,
And yet exclaimes, why were theſe women made
O ſacred Gods, and with ſuch beauties graced?
Haue they not power as well to coole, and ſhade,
As for to heate mens harts? or is there none
Or are they all like mine? relentleſſe ſtone.

22.

With that he takes her in his louing armes,
And downe within a Downe-bed ſoftly layd her.
Then on his knees he all his ſences charmes,
To inuocate ſweet *Venus* for to raiſe her
To wiſhed life, and to infuſe ſome breath,
To that which dead, yet gaue a life to death.

PIGMALION.

23

Thou ſacred Queene of ſportiue dallying,
(Thus he begins,) Loues onely Empereſſe,
Whoſe kingdome reſts in wanton reuelling,
Let me beſeech thee ſhow thy powerfulneſſe
In changing ſtone to fleſh, make her relent,
And kindly yeeld to thy ſweet blandiſhment.

24

O gracious Gods, take compaſſion.
Inſtill into her ſome celeſtiall fire,
That ſhe may equalize affection,
And haue a mutuall loue, and loues deſire.
Thou know'ſt the force of loue, then pitty me,
Compaſſionate my true loues ardencie.

Thus

PIGMALION.

25.

Thus hauing ſaid, he riſeth from the floore,
As if his ſoule diuined him good fortune,
Hoping his prayers to pitty moou'd ſome power.
For all his thoughts did all good luck importune.
And therefore ſtraight he ſtrips him naked quite,
That in the bedde he might haue more delight.

26

Then thus, Sweet ſheetes he ſayes, which nowe doe couer,
The Idol of my ſoule, the faireſt one
That euer lou'd, or had an amorous louer.
Earths onely modell of perfection,
Sweet happy ſheetes, daine for to take me in,
That I my hopes and longing thoughts may win.

With

PIGMALION.

27

With that his nimble limbs doe kiſſe the ſheetes,
And now he bowes him for to lay him downe,
And now each part, with her faire parts doe meet,
Now doth he hope for to enioy loues crowne:
Now doe they dally, kiſſe, embrace together,
Like *Leda's* Twins at ſight of faireſt weather.

28

Yet all's conceit. But ſhadow of that bliſſe
Which now my Muſe ſtriues ſweetly to diſplay
In this my wondrous metamorphoſis.
Daine to beleeue me, now I ſadly ſay.
The ſtonie ſubſtance of his Image feature,
Was ſtraight transform'd into a liuing creature.

For

PIGMALION.

29

For when his hands her faire form'd limbs had felt,
And that his armes her naked waſt imbraced,
Each part like Waxe before the ſunne did melt,
And now, oh now, he finds how he is graced
By his owne worke. Tut, women will relent
When as they finde ſuch mouing blandiſhment.

30.

Doe but conceiue a Mothers paſſing gladnes,
(After that death her onely ſonne hath ſeazed
And ouerwhelm'd her ſoule with endleſſe ſadnes)
When that ſhe ſees him gin for to be raiſed
From out his deadly ſwoune to life againe:
Such ioy *Pigmalion* feeles in euery vaine.

And

PIGMALION.

31.

And yet he feares he doth but dreaming find
So rich content, and ſuch celeſtiall bliſſe.
Yet when he proues & finds her wondrous kind,
Yeelding ſoft touch for touch, ſweet kiſſe, for kiſſe,
He's well aſſur'd no faire imagery
Could yeeld ſuch pleaſing, loues felicity.

32.

O wonder not to heare me thus relate,
And ſay to fleſh transformed was a ſtone.
Had I my Loue in ſuch a wiſhed ſtate
As was afforded to *Pigmalion*,
Though flinty hard, of her you ſoone ſhould ſee
As ſtrange a transformation wrought by mee.

And

PIGMALION.

33.

And now me thinks ſome wanton itching eare
With luſtfull thoughts, and ill attention,
Liſt's to my Muſe, expecting for to heare
The amorous diſcription of that action
Which *Venus* ſeekes, and euer doth require,
When fitnes graunts a place to pleaſe deſire.

34.

Let him conceit but what himſelfe would doe
When that he had obtayned ſuch a fauour,
Of her to whom his thoughts were bound vnto,
If ſhe, in recompence of his loues labour,
Would daine to let one payre of ſheets containe
The willing bodies of thoſe loning twaine.

Could

PIGMALION.

35.

Could he, oh could he, when that each to eyther
Did yeeld kind kissing, and more kind embracing,
Could he when that they felt, and clip t together
And might enioy the life of dallying,
Could he abstaine mid st such a wanton sporting
From doing that, which is not fit reporting?

36.

What would he doe when that her softest skin
Saluted his with a delightfull kisse?
When all things fit for loues sweet pleasuring
Inuited him to reape a Louers blisse?
What he would doe, the selfe same action
Was not neglected by *Pigmalion*.

For

PIGMALION.

37.

For when he found that life had tooke his ſeate
Within the breaſt of his kind beauteous loue,
When that he found that warmth, and wiſhed heate
Which might a Saint and coldeſt ſpirit moue,
Thē armes, eyes, hands, tong, lips, & wanton thigh,
Were willing agents in Loues luxurie.

38.

Who knowes not what enſues? O pardon me
Yee gaping eares that ſwallow vp my lines
Expect no more. Peace idle Poeſie,
Be not obſceane though wanton in thy rimes.
And chaſter thoughts, pardon if I doe trip,
Or if ſome looſe lines from my pen doe ſlip,

Let

PIGMALION.

39.

Let this ſuffice, that that ſame happy night
So gracious were the Gods of marriage
Mid'ſt all there pleaſing and long wiſh'd delight
Paphus was got: of whom in after age
Cyrus was *Paphos* call'd, and euermore
Thoſe Ilandars do *Venus* name adore.

FINIS.

SATYRES.

The Authour in prayſe of his *precedent Poem*.

NOw *Rufus*, by old *Glebrons* fearefull mace
Hath not my Muſe deſeru'd a worthy place?
Come come *Luxurio*, crowne my head with Bayes,
Which like a Paphian, wantonly diſplayes
The Salaminian titillations,
Which tickle vp our leud Priapians.
Is not my pen compleate? are not my lines
Right in the ſwaggering humor of theſe times?
O ſing *Peana* to my learned Muſe.
Io bis dicite. Wilt thou refuſe?
Doe not I put my Miſtres in before?
And pitiouſly her gracious ayde implore?

The Author in praiſe

Doe not I flatter, call her wondrous faire?
Vertuous, diuine moſt debonaire?
Hath not my Goddeſſe in the vaunt-gard place,
The leading of my lines theyr plumes to grace?
And then enſues my ſtanzaes, like odd bands
Of voluntaries, and mercenarians:
Which like Soldados of our warlike age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage:
Glittering in dawbed lac'd accouſtrements,
And pleaſing ſutes of loues habiliments.
Yet puffie as Dutch hoſe they are within,
Faint, and white liuer'd, as our gallants bin:
Patch'd like a beggars cloake, and run as ſweet
As doth a tumbrell in the paued ſtreet.
And in the end, (the end of loue I wot)

Pigmalion

of his Pigmalion.

Pigmalion hath a iolly boy begot.
So *Labeo* did complaine his loue was ſtone,
Obdurate, flinty, ſo relentleſſe none:
Yet *Lynceus* knowes, that in the end of this,
He wrought as ſtrange a metamorphoſis.
Ends not my Poem then ſurpaſſing ill?
Come, come, *Auguſtus*, crowne my laureat quill.
Now by the whyps of *Epigramatiſts*,
Ile not be laſht for my diſſembling ſhifts.
And therefore I vſe Popelings diſcipline,
Lay ope my faults to *Maſtigophoros* eyne:
Cenſure my ſelfe, fore others me deride
And ſcoffe at mee, as if I had deni'd
Or thought my Poem good, when that I ſee
My lines are froth, my ſtanzaes ſapleſſe be.

The Author in praiſe &c.

Thus hauing rail'd againſt my ſelfe a while,
Ile ſnarle at thoſe, which doe the world beguile
With masked ſhowes. Ye changing *Proteans* liſt,
And tremble at a barking Satyriſt.

Que-

SATYRE. 1.

Quedam videntur, et non *ſunt*.

I Cannot ſhow in ſtrange proportion,
Changing my hew like a Camelion.
But you all-canning wits, hold water out,
Yee vizarded-bifronted-*Ianian* rout.
Tell mee browne *Ruſcus*, haſt thou *Gyges* ring,
That thou preſum'ſt as if thou wert vnſeene?
If not. Why in thy wits halfe capreall
Lett'ſt thou a ſuperſcribed Letter fall?
And from thy ſelfe, vnto thy ſelfe dooſt ſend,
And in the ſame, thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe commend?
For ſhame leaue running to ſome *Satrapas*,
Leaue glauering on him in the peopled preſſe:

SAT. 1.

Quedam videntur, et non ſunt.

Holding him on as he through Paules doth walke,
With nodds and leggs, and odde ſuperfluous talke:
Making men thinke thee gracious in his ſight,
When he eſteemes thee but a Paraſite.
For ſhame vnmaske, leaue for to cloke intent,
And ſhow thou art vaine-glorious, impudent.
Come *Briſcus*, by the ſoule of Complement,
I'le not endure that with thine inſtrument
(Thy Gambo violl plac'd betwixt thy thighes,
Wherein the beſt part of thy courtſhip lyes)
Thou entertaine the time, thy Miſtres by:
Come, now lets heare thy mounting *Mercurie*,
What mum? giue him his fiddle once againe,
Or he's more mute then a *Pythagoran*.

But

SAT. 1.

Quedam videntur, et non ſunt.

But oh! the abſolute *Caſtilio*,
He that can all the poynts of courtſhip ſhow.
He that can trot a Courſer, breake a ruſh,
And arm'd in proofe, dare dure a ſtrawes ſtrong (puſh.
He, who on his glorious ſcutchion
Can quaintly ſhow wits *newe* inuention,
Aduauncing forth ſome thirſtie *Tantalus*,
Or els the Vulture on *Promethius*,
With ſome ſhort motto of a dozen lines.
He that can purpoſe it in dainty rimes,
Can ſet his face, and with his eye can ſpeake,
Can dally with his Miſtres dangling ſeake,
And wiſh that he were it, to kiſſe her eye
And ſlaue about her beauties deitie.

Tut,

SAT. 1.

Quedam videntur, et non ſunt.

Tut, he is famous for his reueling,
For fine ſette ſpeeches, and for ſonetting;
He ſcornes the violl and the ſcraping ſticke,
And yet's but Broker of anothers wit.
Certes if all things were well knowne and view'd
He doth but champe that which another chew'd.
Come come *Caſtilion*, skim thy poſſet curd,
Show thy queere ſubſtance, worthleſſe, moſt obſurd.
Take ceremonius complement from thee,
Alas, I ſee *Caſtilios* beggery.

O if *Democritus* were now aliue
How he would laugh to ſee this deuill thriue!
And by an holy ſemblance bleare mens eyes

When

SAT. 1.

Quedam videntur, et non ſunt.

When he intends ſome damned villanies.
Ixion makes faire weather vnto *Ioue*,
That he might make foule work with his faire loue,
And is right ſober in his outward ſemblance,
Demure, and modeſt in his countenance;
Applies himſelfe to great *Saturnus* ſonne,
Till *Saturns* daughter yeeldes his motion.
Night-ſhining *Phœbe* knowes what was begat,
A monſtrous Centaure, illegitimate.

Who would not chuck to ſee ſuch pleaſing ſport.
To ſee ſuch troupes of gallants ſtill reſort
Vnto *Cornutos* ſhop. What other cauſe
But chaſt *Brownetta*, *Sporo* thether drawes?

Who

SAT. 1.

Quædam videntur, et non ſunt.

Who now ſo long hath prays'd the Choughs white bill
That he hath left her ne're a flying quill:
His meaning gain, though outward ſemblance loue,
So like a Crabfiſh *Sporo* ſtill doth moue.
Laugh, laugh, to ſee the world *Democritus*
Cry like that ſtrange transformed *Tyreus*.
Now *Sorbo* with a fayned grauity
Doth fiſh for honour, and high dignity.
Nothing within, nor yet without, but beard
Which thrice he ſtrokes, before I euer heard
One wiſe graue word, to bleſſe my liſtning eare.
But marke how Good-opinion doth him reare.
See, he's in office, on his foot-cloth placed:
Now each man caps, and ſtriues for to be graced

With

SAT. 1.

Quedam videntur, et non ſunt.

With ſome rude nod of his maieſtick head,
Which all doe wiſh in *Limbo* harried.
But ô I grecue, that good men daine to be
Slaues vnto him, that's ſlaue to villany.
Now *Sorbo* ſwels with ſelfe conceited ſence,
Thinking that men doe yeeld this reuerence
Vnto his vertues: fond credulity!
Aſſe, talke of Iſis, *no man honours thee.*

Great *Tubrios* feather gallantly doth waue,
Full twenty falls doth make him wondrous braue.
Oh golden Ierkin! royall arming coate!
Like ſhip on Sea, he on the land doth flote.
He's gone, he's ſhipt, his reſolution

Pricks

SAT. 1.

Quædam videntur, et non ſunt.

Pricks (by heauen) to this action.
The poxe it doth: not long ſince I did view
The man betake him to a common ſtew.
And there (I wis) like no quaint ſtomack't man
Eates vp his armes. And warres munition
His wauing plume, falls in the Brokers cheſt.
Fie that his Oſtridge ſtomack ſhould diſgeſt
His Oſtridge feather: eate vp Venis-lace.
Thou that did'ſt feare to eate *Pore-Iohns* aſpace.
Lie cloſe ye ſlaue at beaſtly luxury;
Melt and conſume in pleaſures ſurquedry. (before,
But now, thou that did'ſt march with Spaniſh Pike
Come with French-pox out of that brothell dore.
The fleet's return'd. What newes from *Rodio?*

Hote

SAT. 1.

Quedam videntur, et non ſunt.

Hote ſeruice, by the Lord, cryes Tubrio.
Why do'ſt thou halt? *Why ſix times throgh each thigh*
Puſht with the Pike of the hote enemie.
Hote ſeruice, hote, the Spaniard is a man,
I ſay no more, and as a Gentleman
I ſerued in his face. Farwell. Adew.
VVelcome from Netherland, from ſteaming ſtew.
Aſſe to thy crib, doffe that huge Lyons skin,
Or els the Owle vvill hoote and driue thee in.
For ſhame, for ſhame, lew'd liuing *Tubrio*
Preſume not troupe among that gallant crue
Of true Heroike ſpirits, come vncaſe,
Show vs the true forme of *Dametas* face.
Hence, hence ye ſlaue, diſſemble not thy ſtate

But

SAT. 1.

Quędam videntur, et non ſunt.

But hence-forth be a turne-coate, runnagate.
Oh hold my ſides, that I may breake my ſpleene,
With laughter at the ſhadowes I haue ſeene.

Yet I can beare with *Curios* nimble feete
Saluting me with capers in the ſtreete,
Although in open view, and peoples face,
He fronts me with ſome ſpruce, neate, ſincopace.
Or *Tullus*, though when ere he me eſpies
Straight with loud mouth (*a bandy Sir*) he cries.
Or *Robrus*, vvho adic't to nimble fence,
Still greetes me vvith Stockadoes violence.
Theſe I doe beare, becauſe I too vvell know
They are the ſame, they ſeeme in outward ſhow.

But

SAT. 1.

Quedam videntur, et non ſunt.

But all confuſion ſeuer from mine eye
This Ianian-bifront hypocriſie.

Que-

SATYRE. 2.

Quedam ſunt, et non videntur.

I That euen novv liſp'd like an Amoriſt,
Am turn'd into a ſnaphaunce Satyriſt.
O tytle, which my iudgement doth adore!
But I dull-ſprighted fat Boetian Boore,
Doe farre of honour that Cenſorian ſeate.
But if I could in milk-white robes intreate
Plebeians fauour, I would ſhew to be
Tribunus plebis, gainſt the villany
Of theſe ſame *Proteans*, whoſe hipocriſie,
Doth ſtill abuſe our fond credulity.
But ſince my ſelfe am not imaculate,
But many ſpots my minde doth vitiate,

Ile

SAT. 2.

Quedam ſunt, et non videntur.

I'le leaue the white roabe, and the biting rimes
Vnto our moderne Satyres ſharpeſt lines;
VVhoſe hungry fangs ſnarle at ſome ſecret ſinne.
And in ſuch pitchy clouds enwrapped beene
His *Sphinxian* ridles, that old *Oedipus*
Would be amaz'd and take it in foule ſnufs
That ſuch *Cymerian* darknes ſhould inuolue
A quaint conceit, that he could not reſolue.
O darknes palpable! Egipts black night!
My wit is ſtricken blind, hath loſt his ſight.
My ſhins are broke, with groping for ſome ſence
To know to what his words haue reference.
Certes *(ſunt)* but *(non videntur)* that I know.
Reach me ſome Poets Index that will ſhow.

SAT. 2.

Quedam ſunt, et non videntur.

Imagines Deorum. Booke of Epithites,
Natales Comes, thou I know recites,
And mak'ſt Anatomie of Poeſie.
Helpe to vnmaske the Satyres ſecreſie.
Delphick *Apollo*, ayde me to vnrip,
Theſe intricate deepe Oracles of wit.
Theſe darke Enigmaes, and ſtrange ridling ſence
Which paſſe my dullard braines intelligence.
Fie on my ſenceles pate; Now I can ſhow
Thou writeſt that which I, nor thou, doo'ſt know.
Who would imagine that ſuch ſquint-ey'd ſight
Could ſtrike the worlds deformities ſo right.
But take heede *Pallas*, leaſt thou ayme awry
Loue, nor yet Hate, had ere true iudging eye.

Who

SAT. 2.

Quedam ſunt, et non videntur.

Who would once dreame that that ſame Elegie,
That faire fram'd peece of ſweeteſt Poeſie,
Which *Muto* put betwixt his Miſtris paps,
(When he (quick-witted) call'd her *Cruell chaps*,
And told her, there ſhe might his dolors read
Which ſhe, oh ſhe, vpon his hart had ſpread)
Was penn'd by *Roſcio* the Tragedian.
Yet *Muto*, like a good *Vulcanian*,
An honeſt Cuckold, calls the baſtard ſonne,
And brags of that which others for him done.
Satyre thou lyeſt, for that ſame Elegie
Is Mutos *owne, his owne deere Poeſie:*
VVhy tis his owne, and deare, for he did pay
Ten crownes for it, as I heard *Roſcius* ſay.

SAT. 2.

Quedam ſunt, et non videntur.

VVho would imagine yonder ſober man,
That ſame deuout meale-mouth'd Preciſe-n,
That cries *good brother, kind ſiſter,* makes a duck,
After the Antique grace, can alwayes pluck
A ſacred booke, out of his ciuill hoſe,
And at th'op'ning, and at our ſtomacks cloſe
Sayes with a turn'd-vp eye a ſolemne grace
Of halfe an houre, then with his ſilken face
Smiles on the holy crue, And then doth cry
O manners! ô times of impurity!
VVith that depaints a church reformed ſtate,
The which the female tongues magnificate:
Becauſe that *Platos* odd opinion,
Of all things *(common)* hath ſtrong motion

In

SAT. 2.

Quędam ſunt, et non videntur.

In their weake minds. Who thinks that this good (man
Is a vile, ſober, damn'd, Polititian?
Not I, till with his baite of purity
He bit me ſore in deepeſt vſury.
No Iew, no Turke, would vſe a Chriſtian
So inhumanely as this Puritan.
Diomedes Iades were not ſo beſtiall
As this ſame ſeeming-ſaint, vile Canniball.
Take heede ô world, take heede aduiſedly
Of theſe ſame damned Anthropophagy.
I had rather be within a Harpies clawes
Then truſt my ſelfe in their deuouring iawes.
Who all confuſion to the world would bring
Vnder the forme of their new diſcipline.

SAT. 2.

Quedam ſunt, et non videntur.

O I could ſay, *Briareus* hundred hands
Were not ſo ready to bring *Ioue* in bands
As theſe to ſet endles contentious ſtrife
Betwixt *Iehoua*, and his ſacred wife.
But ſee who's yonder, true Humility
The perfect image of faire Curteſie.
See, he doth daine to be in ſeruitude
Where he hath no promotions liuelihood.
Marke, he doth curtſie, and ſalutes a block,
Will ſeeme to wonder at a wethercock,
Trenchmore with Apes, play muſick to an Owle,
Bleſſe his ſweet honours running braſell bowle:
Cries *(brauely broake)* when that his Lordſhip miſt,
And is of all the thurnged ſcaffold hiſt.

O

SAT. 2.

Quędam ſunt, et non videntur.

O is not this a curteous minded man?
No foole, no, a damn'd Machevelian.
Holds candle to the deuill for a while,
That he the better may the world beguile
That's fed with ſhows. He hopes thogh ſom repine,
VVhen ſunne is ſet, the leſſer ſtarres will ſhine:
He is within a haughty malecontent,
Though he doe vſe ſuch humble blandiſhment.
But bold-fac'd Satyre, ſtraine not ouer hie,
But laugh and chuck at meaner gullery.
In fayth yon is a well fac'd Gentleman,
See how he paceth like a Ciprian:
Faire Amber treſſes of the faireſt haire
That ere were waued by our London aire,

Rich

SAT. 2.

Quędam ſunt, et non videntur.

Rich laced ſute, all ſpruce, all neat in truth.
Ho *Linceus!* What's yonder brisk neat youth
Bout whom yon troupe of Gallants flocken ſo?
And now together to *Brownes* common goe?
Thou knowſt I am ſure, for thou canſt caſt thine eie
Through nine mud wals, or els odd Poets lie.
Tis looſe legg'd Lais, *that ſame common Drab,*
For from good Tubro *looke the mortall ſtab.*
Ha ha, Nay then I'le neuer raile at thoſe
That weare a codpis, thereby to diſcloſe
VVhat ſexe they are, ſince ſtrumpets breeches vſe,
And all mens eyes ſaue *Linceus* can abuſe.
Nay ſteed of ſhadow, lay the ſubſtance out,
Or els faire *Briſcus* I ſhall ſtand in doubt

VVhat

SAT. 2.

Quedam ſunt, et non videntur.

VVhat ſex thou art, ſince ſuch Hermaphrodites
Such *Protean* ſhadowes ſo delude our ſights.
Looke, looke, with what a diſcontented grace
Bruto the trauailer doth ſadly pace
Long VVeſtminſter, ô ciuill ſeeming ſhade,
Marke his ſad colours, how demurely clad,
Staidnes it ſelfe, and *Neſtors* grauity
Are but the ſhade of his ciuility.
And now he ſighes. *O thou corrupted age,*
Which ſlight regard'ſt men of ſound carriage,
Vertue, knowledge, flie to heauen againe
Daine not mong theſe vngrateſull ſots remaine.
Well, ſome tongs I know, ſome Countries I haue ſeene
And yet theſe oily Snailes reſpectles beene

SAT. 2.

Quędam ſunt, et non videntur.

Of my good parts. O worthles puffie ſlaue!
Did'ſt thou to *Venis* goe oft els to haue?
But buy a Lute and vſe a Currezan?
And there to liue like a Cyllenian?
And now frō thence what hether do'ſt thou bring?
But ſurpheulings, new paints and poyſonings?
Aretines pictures, ſome ſtramge Luxury?
And new found vſe of *Venis* venery?
VVhat art thou but black clothes? Say *Bruto* ſay
Art any thing but onely ſay array?
Which I am ſure is all thou brought'ſt from France,
Saue Naples poxe, and French-mens dalliance.
From haughty Spayne, what brought'ſt thou els be-
But lofty lookes, and their Lucifrian pride? (ſide,

From

SAT. 2.

Quedam ſunt, et non videntur.

From Belgia what? but theyr deepe bezeling,
Their boote-carouſe, and theyr Beere-buttering.
Well, then exclaime not on our age good man,
But hence poluted Neopolitan.

Now Satyre ceaſe to rub our gauled skinnes,
And to vnmaske the worlds deteſted ſinnes.
Thou ſhalt as ſoone draw *Nilus* riuer dry,
As clenſe the world from foule impietie.

SATYRE. 3.

Quedam et ſunt, et vi-*dentur*.

NOw grim *Reprofe*, ſwel in my rough-heu'd rime,
That thou maiſt vexe the guilty of our time.
Yon is a youth, whom how can I ore'ſlip,
Since he ſo iumpe doth in my maſhes hit?
He hath been longer in preparing him
Then *Terence* wench, and now behold he's ſeene.
Now after two yeeres faſt and earneſt prayer,
The faſhion change not, (leaſt he ſhould diſpaire
Of euer hoording vp more faire gay clothes)
Behold at length in London ſtreets he ſhowes.
His ruffe did eate more time in neateſt ſetting
Then *Woodſtocks* worke in painfull perfecting.

It

SAT. 3.

Quedam et ſunt, & videntur.

It hath more doubles farre, then *Aiax* ſhield
When he gainſt Troy did furious battell weild.
Nay he doth weare an Embleme bout his necke.
For vnder that fayre Ruffe ſo ſprucely ſet
Appeares a fall, a falling-band forſooth.
O dapper, rare, compleat, ſweet nittie youth!
Ieſu Maria! How his clothes appeare
Croſt, and recroſt with lace, ſure for ſome feare,
Leaſt that ſome ſpirit with a tippet Mace
Should with a gaſtly ſhow affright his face.
His hat, himſelfe, ſmall crowne & huge great brim,
Faire outward ſhow, and little wit within.
And all the band with feathers he doth fill,
Which is a ſigne of a fantaſticke ſtill,

VVhy

SAT. 3.

Quedam & ſunt, & videntur.

As ſure, as (ſome doe tell me) euermore
A Goate doth ſtand before a brothell dore.
His clothes perfum'd, his fuſtie mouth is ayred,
His chinne new ſwept, his very cheekes are glazed.
But ho, what *Ganimede* is that doth grace
The gallants heeles. One, *who for two daies ſpace*
Is cloſely hyred. Now who dares not call
This *Æſops* crow, fond, mad, fantaſticall.
Why ſo he is, his clothes doe ſympathize,
And with his inward ſpirit humorize.
An open Aſſe, that is not yet ſo wiſe
As his derided fondnes to diſguiſe.
Why thou art Bedlam mad, ſtarke lunaticke,
And glori'ſt to be counted a fantaſtick,

Thou

SAT. 3.

Quedam et ſunt, & videntur.

Thou neyther art, nor yet will ſeeme to be
Heire to ſome vertuous praiſed qualitie.
O frantick men! that thinke all villanie
The compleate honors of Nobilitie.
Whē ſome damn'd vice, ſom ſtrange miſhapen ſute,
Makes youths eſteeme themſelues in hie repute.
O age! in which our gallants boaſt to be
Slaues vnto riot, and lewd luxury!
Nay, when they bluſh, and thinke an honeſt act
Dooth their ſuppoſed vertues maculate!
Bedlame, Frenzie, Madnes, Lunacie,
I challenge all your moody Empery
Once to produce a more diſtracted man
Then is inamorato *Lucian.*

For

SAT. 3.

Quedam & ſunt, & videntur.

For when my eares receau'd a fearefull ſound
That he was ſicke, I went, and there I found
Him layd of loue, and newly brought to bed
Of monſtrous folly, and a franticke head.
His chamber hang'd about with Elegies,
With ſad complaints of his loues miſeries:
His windowes ſtrow'd with Sonnets, and the glaſſe
Drawne full of loue-knots. I approcht the Aſſe,
And ſtraight he weepes, and ſighes ſome ſonnet out
To his faire loue. And then he goes about
For to perfume her rare perfection
With ſome ſweet-ſmelling pinck Epitheton.
Then with a melting looke he writhes his head,
And ſtraight in paſſion riſeth in his bed;

And

SAT. 3.

Quedam & ſunt, & videntur.

And hauing kiſt his hand, ſtroke vp his haire,
Made a French conge, cryes. *O cruell feare*
To the antique Bed-poſt. I laught a maine
That down my cheeks the mirthful drops did raine.
Well he's no *Ianus*, but ſubſtantiall,
In ſhow, and eſſence a good naturall.
When as thou hear'ſt me aske ſpruce *Ducens*
Frõ whence he comes. And hee ſtraight anſwers vs,
From Lady *Lilla*. And is going ſtraight
To the Counteſſe of ( ) for ſhe doth waite
His comming. And will ſurely ſend her Coach,
Vnleſſe he make the ſpeedier approch.
Art not thou ready for to breake thy ſpleene
At laughing at the fondnes thou haſt ſeene

SAT. 3.

Quedam & ſunt, & videntur.

In this vaine-glorious foole? When thou doſt know
He neuer durſt vnto theſe Ladies ſhow
His pippin face. VVell, he's no accident,
But reall, reall, ſhameleſſe, impudent.
And yet he boaſts, and wonders that each man
Can call him by his name, ſweet *Ducean:*
And is right proude that thus his name is knowne.
I, *Ducus,* I, thy name is too farre blowne.
The world too much, thy ſelfe too little know'ſt
Thy priuate ſelfe. Why then ſhould *Ducus* boaſt?
But humble Satyre, wilt thou daine diſplay
Theſe open naggs, which purblind eyes bewray?
Come, come, and ſnarle more darke at ſecrete ſin,
vvhich in ſuch Laborinths enwrapped bin,

That

SAT. 3.

Quedam & ſunt, & videntur.

That *Ariadne* I muſt craue thy ayde
To helpe me finde where this foule monſter's layd,
Then will I driue the Minotaure from vs,
And ſeeme to be a ſecond *Theſeus*.

REACTIO.

NOVV doth *Rammusia Adrastian*,
Daughter of Night, and of the Ocean
Prouoke my pen. VVhat cold *Saturnian*
Can hold, and heare such vile detraction?
Yee Pines of Ida, shake your fayre growne height,
For *Ioue* at first dash will with thunder fight.
Yee Cedars bend, fore lightning you dismay,
Yee Lyons tremble, for an Asse doth bray.
VVho cannot raile? vvhat dog but dare to barke
Gainst *Phœbes* brightnes in the silent darke?
vvhat stinking Scauenger (if so he will
Though streets be fayre,) but may right easily fill,
His dungy tumbrel? sweep, pare, wash, make cleane,
Yet from your fairnes he some durt can gleane.
The windie-chollicke striu'd to haue some vent,
And now tis flowne, and now his rage is spent.

So

REACTIO.

So haue I ſeene the fuming waues to fret,
And in the end, naught but white foame beget.
So haue I ſeene the ſullen clowdes to cry,
And weepe for anger that the earth was dry
After theyr ſpight, that all the haile-ſhot drops
Could neuer peirce the chriſtall water tops,
And neuer yet could worke her more diſgface
But onely bubble quiet *Thetis* face.
Vaine enuious detractor from the good
vvhat *Cynicke* ſpirit rageth in thy blood?
Cannot a poore miſtaken title ſcape
But thou muſt that into thy Tumbrell ſcrape?
Cannot ſome lewd, immodeſt beaſtlines
Lurke, and lie hid in iuſt forgetfulnes,
But *Grillus* ſubtile-ſmelling ſwiniſh ſnout
Muſt ſent, and grunt, and needes will finde it out?

REACTIO.

Come daunce yee ſtumbling Satyres by his ſide
If he liſt once the Syon Muſe deride.
Ye *Granta's* white Nymphs, come & with you bring
Some ſillabub, whilſt he doth ſweetly ſing
Gainſt *Peters* teares, and *Maries* mouing moane,
And like a fierce enraged Boare doth foame
At ſacred Sonnets. O daring hardiment!
At *Bartas* ſweet Semaines, raile impudent
At *Hopkins*, *Sternhold*, and the *Scottiſh* King,
At all Tranſlators that doe ſtriue to bring
That ſtranger language to our vulgar tongue,
Spett in thy poyſon theyr faire acts among.
Ding them all downe from faire Ieruſalem,
And mew them vp in thy deſerued Bedlem.
Shall Painims honor, their vile falſed gods
With ſprightly wits? and ſhall not we by ods

Farre,

REACTIO.

Farre, farre, more ſtriue with wits beſt quinteſſence
To adore that ſacred euer-liuing Eſſence?
Hath not ſtrong reaſon moou'd the Legiſts mind,
To ſay the fayreſt of all Natures kinde
The Prince by his prerogatiue may claime?
Why may not then our ſoules without thy blame,
(vvhich is the beſt thing that our God did frame)
Deuote the beſt part to his ſacred Name?
And with due reuerence and deuotion
Honor his Name with our inuention?
No, Poeſie not fit for ſuch an action,
It is defild with ſuperſtition:
It honord Baule, *therefore polute, polute,*
Vnfit for ſuch a ſacred inſtitute.
So haue I heard an Heritick maintaine
The Church vnholy, where *Iehouas* Name

REACTIO.

Is now ador'd: becauſe he ſurely knowes
Some-times it was defil'd with Popiſh ſhowes.
The Bells profane, and not to be endur'd,
Becauſe to Popiſh rites they were inur'd.
Pure madnes peace, ceaſe to be inſolent,
And be not outward ſober, inlye impudent.
Fie inconſiderate, it greeueth me
An Academick ſhould ſo ſenceles be.
Fond Cenſurer! Why ſhould thoſe mirrors ſeeme
So vile to thee? vvhich better iudgements deeme
Exquiſite then, and in our poliſh'd times
May run for ſencefull tollerable lines.
What, not *mediocria firma* from thy ſpight?
But muſt thy enuious hungry fangs needs light
On Magiſtrates mirrour? muſt thou needs detract
And ſtriue to worke his antient honors wrack?

What

REACTIO.

What, ſhall not *Roſamond*, or *Gaueſton*,
Ope their ſweet lips without detraction?
But muſt our moderne *Crittick's* enuious eye
Seeme thus to quote ſome groſſe deformity?
Where Art, not error ſhineth in their ſtile,
But error and no Art doth thee beguile.
For tell me *Crittick*, is not *Fiction*
The ſoule of Poeſies inuention?
Is't not the forme? the ſpirit? and the eſſence?
The life? and the eſſentiall difference?
Which *omni, ſemper, ſoli*, doth agree
To heauenly diſcended Poeſie?
Thy wit God comfort mad Chirurgion
What, make ſo dangerous an Inciſion?
At firſt daſh whip away the inſtrument
Of Poets Procreation? fie ignorant!

VVhen

REACTIO.

When as the ſoule, and vitall blood doth reſt
And hath in *Fiction* onely intereſt?
What Satyre! ſucke the ſoule from Poeſie
And leaue him ſpritles? ô impiety!
Would euer any *erudite Pedant*
Seeme in his artles lines ſo inſolent?
But thus it is when pitty Priſcians
VVill needs ſtep vp to be Cenſorians.
When once they can in true skan'd verſes frame
Abraue Encomium *of good Vertues name.*
Why thus it is, when Mimick Apes will ſtriue
vvith Iron wedge the trunks of Oakes to riue.
But ſee, his ſpirit of detraction
Muſt nible at a glorious action.
Euge! ſome gallant ſpirit, ſome reſolued blood
vvill hazard all to worke his Countries good

And

REACTIO.

And to enrich his ſoule, and raiſe his name
vvill boldly ſaile vnto the rich *Guiane*.
What then? muſt ſtraight ſome ſhameles Satyriſt
vvith odious and opprobrius termes inſiſt
To blaſt ſo high reſolu'd intention
vvith a malignant vile detraction?
So haue I ſeene a curre dogge in the ſtreete
Piſſe gainſt the faireſt poſts he ſtill could meete.
So haue I ſeene the march wind ſtriue to fade
The faireſt hewe that Art, or Nature made.
So Enuy ſtill doth barke at cleareſt ſhine
And ſtriues to ſtaine heroyick acts, deuine.
vvell, I haue caſt thy water, and I ſee
Th'art falne to wits extreameſt pouerty,
Sure in Conſumption of the ſpritely part.
Goe vſe ſome Cordiall for to cheere thy hart:

Or

REACTIO.

Or els I feare that I one day ſhall ſee
Thee fall, into ſome dangerous Litargie.
But come fond Bragart, crowne thy browes with (Bay
Intrance thy ſelfe in thy ſweet extaſie.
Come, manumit thy plumie pinion,
And ſcower the ſword of Eluiſh champion,
Or els vouchſafe to breathe in wax-bound quill,
And daine our longing eares with muſick fill:
Or let vs ſee thee ſome ſuch ſtanzaes frame
That thou maiſt raiſe thy vile inglorious name.
Sommon the Nymphs and Driades to bring
Some rare inuention, whilſt thou dooſt ſing
So ſweet, that thou *maiſt ſhoulder from aboue*
The Eagle from the ſtaires of freendly Ioue:
And leade ſad Pluto *Captiue with thy ſong,*
Gracing thy ſelfe, that art obſcur'd ſo long.

Come

REACTIO.

Come ſomewhat ſay (but hang me when tis done)
Worthy of braſſe, and hoary marble ſtone;
Speake yee attentiue Swaines that heard him neuer
Will not his Paſtorals indure for euer?
Speake yee that neuer heard him ought but raile
Doe not his Poems beare a glorious taile?
Hath not he ſtrongly iuſtled from aboue
The Eagle from the ſtaires of friendly Ioue?
May be, may be, tut tis his modeſty,
He could if that he would, nay would if could I ſee.
Who cannot raile? and with a blaſting breath
Scorch euen the whiteſt Lillies of the earrh?
Who cannot ſtumble in a ſtuttering ſtile?
And ſhallow heads with *ſeeming ſhades* beguile?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, at length to be maleuolent,
To faireſt bloomes of Vertues eminent.

Striue

REACTIO.

Striue not to ſoile the freſheſt hewes on earth
With thy malitious and vpbraiding breath.
Ennie, let Pines of *Ida* reſt alone,
For they will growe ſpight of thy thunder ſtone,
Striue not to nible in their ſwelling graine
With toothles gums of thy detracting braine:
Eate not thy dam, but laugh and ſport with me
At ſtrangers follies with a merry glee.
Lets not maligne our kin. Then Satyriſt
I doe ſalute thee with an open fiſt.

SAT.

SATYRE. 4

Parua magna, magna nulla.

AMbitious *Gorgons*, wide-mouth'd *Lamians*,
Shape-changing *Proteans*, damn'd *Briareans*,
Is *Minos* dead? is *Radamanth* a ſleepe?
That yee thus dare vnto *Ioues* Pallace creepe?
vvhat, hath *Rammuſia* ſpent her knotted whip?
That yee dare ſtriue on *Hebes* cup to ſip?
Yet know *Apolloes* quiuer is not ſpent
But can abate your daring hardiment.
Python is ſlaine, yet his accurſed race,
Dare looke deuine *Aſtrea* in the face:
Chaos returne, and with confuſion
Inuolue the world with ſtrange diſunion:

For

Parua magna, magna nulla.

For *Pluto* ſits in that adored chaire
vvhich doth belong vnto *Minernas* heire.
O Hecatombe! ô Cataſtrophe! Huc vſ-
From *Mydas* pompe, to *Irus* beggery. que Xyli-
Promethius, who celeſtiall fier num.
Did ſteale from heauen, therewith to inſpire
Our earthly bodies with a ſence-full mind,
vvhereby we might the depth of Nature find,
Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eates his hart
vvhich did ſuch deepe Philoſophy impart
To mortall men. vvhen theeuing *Mercury*
That euen in his new borne infancy
Stole faire *Apollos* quiuer, and *Ioues* mace,
And would haue filch'd the lightning frō his place,
But that he feard'd he ſhould haue burnt his wing
And ſing'd his downy feathers new come ſpring;

He

SAT. 4

Parua magna, magna nulla.

He that in gaſtly ſhade of night doth leade
Our ſoules, vnto the empire of the dead.
When he that better doth deſerue a rope
Is a faire planet in our Horoſcope.
And now hath *Caduceus* in his hand
Of life and death that hath the ſole command.
Thus petty thefts are payed, and ſoundly whipt,
But greater crimes are ſlightly ouerſlipt:
Nay he's a God that can doe villany
vvith a good grace, and glib facility.
The harmles hunter, with a ventrous eye
When vnawares he did *Diana* ſpie,
Nak'd in the fountaine he became ſtraightway
Vnto his greedy hounds a wiſhed pray,

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

His owne delights taking away his breath,
And all vngratefull forc'd his fatall death.
(And euer ſince Hounds eate their Maiſters cleane,
For ſo *Diana* curſt them in the ſtreame.)
When ſtrong backt *Hercules* in one poore night
With great, great eaſe, and wondrous delight
In ſtrength of luſt and *Venus* ſurquedry
Rob'd fifty vvenches of virginity.
Farre more then luſty *Laurence*. Yet poore ſoule
He with *Acteon* drinks of *Nemis* bole,
When *Hercules* lewd act, is regiſtred,
And for his fruitfull labour Deified.
And had a place in heauen him aſſigned
When he the world, vnto the world reſigned.

Thus

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

Thus little ſcapes are deepely puniſhed,
But mighty villanes are for Gods adored.
Ione brought his ſiſter to a nuptiall bed,
And hath an *Hebe*, and a *Ganemede*,
A *Leda*, and a thouſand more beſide,
His chaſt *Alcmena*, and his ſiſter bride:
Who fore his face was odiouſly defil'd
And by *Ixion* groſely got with child.
This thunderer, that right vertuouſly
Thruſt forth his father from his empery
Is now the great Monarko of the earth,
Whoſe awfull nod, whoſe all commaunding breath
Shakes Europs ground-worke. And his title makes
As dread a noyſe, as when a Canon ſhakes

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

The ſubtile ayre. Thus hell-bred villany
Is ſtill rewarded with high dignity.
VVhen *Siſyphus* that did but once reueale
That this inceſtious villane had to deale
In Ile *Phliunte* with *Egina* faire,
Is damn'd to hell, in endles black diſpaire
Euer to reare his tumbling ſtone vpright
Vpon the ſteepy mountaines lofty height.
His ſtone will neuer now get greeniſh moſſe
Since he hath thus encur'd ſo great a loſſe
As *Ioues* high fauour. But it needs muſt be
vvhilſt *Ioue* doth rule, and ſway the empery
And poore *Aſtrea's* fled into an Ile
And liues a poore and baniſhed exile:

And

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

And there pen'd vp, ſighs in her ſad lament,
vvearing away in pining languiſhment.
If that *Sylenus* Aſſe doe chaunce to bray,
And ſo the Satyres lewdnes doth bewray,
Let him for euer be a ſacrifice;
Prick, ſpurre, beate, loade, for euer tyraniſe
Ouer the foole. But let ſome *Cerberus*
Keepe back the wife of ſweet tongu'd *Orpheus*,
Gnato applaudes the Hound. Let that ſame child
Of Night, and Sleepe,(which hath the world defil'd
vvith odious railing) barke gainſt all the work
Of all the Gods, and find ſome error lurke
In all the graces. Let his lauer lip
Speake in reproch of Natures workmanſhip,

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

Let him vpbraid faire *Venus* if he liſt
For her ſhort heele. Let him with rage inſiſt
To ſnarle at *Vulcans* man, becauſe he was
Not made with windowes of tranſparant glas
That all might ſee the paſſions of his mind.
Let his all-blaſting tongue great errors find
In *Pallas* houſe, becauſe if next ſhould burne
It could not from the ſodaine perill turne.
Let him vpbraide great *Ioue* with luxury
Condemne the Heauens Queene of ielouſie.
Yet this ſame Stygius *Momus* muſt be prayſed
And to ſome Godhead at the leaſt be raiſed.
But if poore *Orpheus* ſing melodiouſly,
And ſtriue with muſicks ſweeteſt ſymphonie

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

To praiſe the Gods, and vnaduiſedly
Doe but ore-ſlip one drunken Deitie,
Forthwith the bouzing *Bacchus* out doth ſend
His furious *Bacchides*, to be reueng'd.
And ſtraight they teare the ſweet Muſition,
And leaue him to the dogs deuiſion.
Hebrus, beare witnes of their crueltie,
For thou did'ſt view poore *Orpheus* tragedie.
Thus ſlight neglects are deepeſt villanie,
But blaſting mouthes deſerue a deitie.
Since *Gallus* ſlept, when he was ſet to watch
Leaſt *Sol* or *Vulcan* ſhould *Mauortius* catch
In vſing *Venus*: ſince the boy did nap,
Whereby bright *Phœbus* did great *Mars* intrap.

Poore

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

Poore *Gallus* now, (whilom to *Mars* ſo deere)
Is turned to a crowing Chaunteclere;
And euer ſince, fore that the ſunne doth ſhine,
(Leaſt *Phœbus* ſhould with his all-peircing eyne
Diſcry ſome *Vulcan*,) he doth crow full ſhrill,
That all the ayre with Ecchoes he doth fill.
Whilſt *Mars*, though all the Gods doe ſee his ſin,
And know in what lewd vice he liueth in,
Yet is adored ſtill, and magnified,
And with all honors duly worſhipped.
Fine! ſmall faults to mountaines ſtraight are raiſed,
Slight ſcapes are whipt, but damned deeds are prai-
Fie, fie, I am deceiued all thys while, (ſed.
A miſt of errors doth my ſence beguile;

SAT. 4

Parua magna, magna nulla.

I haue beene long of all my wits bereauen,
Heauen for hell taking, taking hell for heauen;
Vertue for vice, and vice for vertue ſtill,
Sower for ſweet, and good for paſſing ill.
If not? would vice and odious villanie
Be ſtill rewarded with high dignity?
Would damned *Ionians*, be of all men praiſed,
And with high honors vnto heauen raiſed?
Tis ſo, tis ſo; Riot, and Luxurie
Are vertuous, meritorious chaſtitie:
That which I thought to be damn'd hel-borne pride
Is humble modeſtie, and naught beſide;
That which I deemed *Bacchus* ſurquedry,
Is graue, and ſtaied, ciuill, *Sobrietie*.

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

O then thrice holy age, thrice ſacred men!
Mong whom no vice a Satyre can diſcerne,
Since Luſt, is turned into *Chaſtitie*,
And Riot, vnto ſad *Sobrietie*.
Nothing but goodnes raigneth in our age,
And vertues all are ioyn'd in marriage.
Heere is no dwelling for Impietie,
No habitation for baſe Villanie.
Heere are no ſubiects for *Reproofes* ſharpe vaine,
Then hence rude Satyre, make away amaine;
And ſeeke a ſeate where more Impuritie
Doth lye and lurke in ſtill ſecuritie.
Now doth my Satyre ſtagger in a doubt,
Whether to ceaſe, or els to write it out.

The

SAT. 4.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

The ſubiect is too ſharpe for my dull quill.
Some ſonne of *Maya* ſhow thy riper skill.
For I'le goe turne my tub againſt the ſunne,
And wiſtly marke how higher Plannets runne,
Contemplating their hidden motion.
Then on ſome *Latmos* with *Endimion*,
I'le ſlumber out my time in diſcontent,
And neuer wake to be maleuolent,
A beedle to the worlds impuritie;
But euer ſleepe in ſtill ſecuritie.
If thys diſpleaſe the worlds wrong-iudging ſight,
It glads my ſoule, and in ſome better ſpright
I'le write againe. But if that this doe pleaſe,
Hence, hence, Satyrick Muſe, take endleſſe eaſe.

Huſh

SAT. 4.

Huſh now yee Band-doggs, barke no more at me,
But let me ſlide away in ſecrecie.

FINIS.

Epictetus.

Faults eſcaped.

PAge 33, line 8, for *Aſſe talke of*, read *Aſſe take of.* page 34. for *Pricks by*, read *Pricks him by.* page 48 li. 2. for oft, read ought. & line 12. for ſay read ſad. Alſo in page 46. l. 7. & 8. read thus.

Tis looſe legd Lais, *that ſame common Drab,*
For whom good Tubrio *tooke the mortall ſtab.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *Iames Roberts.* 1598.

Collated & K
11833 RS